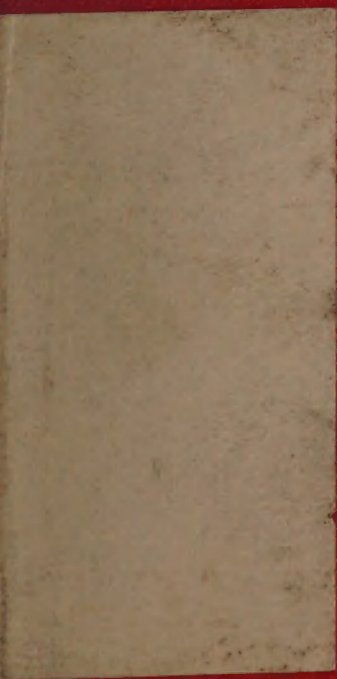


BROKEN WORDS

A FIFTH
CENTURY OF
CHARADES

BY
WILLIAM
BELLAMY



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Books by William Bellamy

BROKEN WORDS.

MORE CHARADES.

A CENTURY OF CHARADES.

A SECOND CENTURY OF CHARADES

A THIRD CENTURY OF CHARADES.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

BROKEN WORDS

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A FIFTH CENTURY OF CHARADES

BY
WILLIAM BELLAMY

*And be these Jugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,
That palter with vs in a double sence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breake it to our hope.*

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
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Divide et Intrica

BROKEN WORDS

I

MY first is near to burn ;
My last is witty, sometimes ;
My whole most people spurn,
They call it only bum rhymes.

BEFORE the milk bill came to pass,
My first was commoner than glass.

My second is a little word,
And very similar my third.

My whole, ■ land of bees and kine,
Was promised by ■ voice divine.

WOULDST read a page of history unknown?

A page my second stood beside the throne,
And when King Richard entertained my whole,
It was his office to present the bowl.
My first and next the royal fingers stirred,
And finding every condiment my third,
The king approving passed it to the boy
While knights and nobles smacked their lips for joy.

MY first is a feather, ■ poet once said ;
My second and third is sweet, juicy, and red ;
There's my whole in the toss of ■ beautiful head.

WITHOUT my first and second who could
play the violin ?

Without my third and fourth how would poker games
begin ?

Without my whole pray tell me how could La
Mancha's knight

Have ridden to save maidens or with giants strange
to fight ?

THE lion with my first shall lie,
The lion on my last will spring.
My whole who caused a king to die
Was dead before he killed the king.

ONCE a captain came to woo ;
A sailor's life was all he knew.

He said, " You 'll have a cabin aft,
You could n't ship on a finer craft,
Or if you wish to stay at home,
We will charter a cot by the ocean foam,
You can watch my coming from the shore,
And I 'll be with you one month in four ;
But choose at once for my stay is short,
I have but another day in port."

Said she, " Without your host you 've reckoned ;
I shall take my third to my first and second
Till I meet with a sympathetic soul ;
But all you think of is my whole."

MY first is half a nightingale that sings in far
Cashmere.

My last is on the stable after horses disappear.

For my total ask a cow-boy and he 'll give you quite
a steer.

SING ■ song of Venice, my second, third and
fourth,

Where Portia in my whole of judge put Shylock in
the broth.

When the case was opened Antonio was scared,
Was n't that a pound of flesh that could n't well be
spared ?

The Hebrew was inflexible, he would n't take his
money ;

The duke was in a quandary and did n't find it funny ;
The lady was incognito, you knew it by her clothes ;
She tucked her hair beneath my first and showed her
silken hose.

IN my second, third, fourth dwelt a pair ;
I am sorry I cannot tell where,
But soon after my story begins
They were ordered to quit for their sins ;
And so, by my whole being cursed,
They went to Death Valley, my first.

I I

A HUNGRY fellow sought my first,
And he was somewhat rash;
He never stopped to ask my whole,
But simply ordered hash.
Being my second and my third,
He swallowed it too fast.
He might, if he had taken breath,
Have said 't was hence my last.

STARS that my whole in midnight skies
I've watched my second, third arise ;
It is a rapture and a bliss
It seems almost my first to miss.

IN the afternoon of a summer's day,
A woman sat on my first by her door,
And a man with my first came by that way
To ask the same old question o'er.
His back was bent and his hair was gray ;
He had courted her thirty years or more.

When he said, " My dear, will you marry me ? "
(Love is patient when Love is strong.)
She simpered and blushed and said, " The Idee ! "
Whatever seemed pleasant she knew was wrong.
He was my whole and my last was she,
And to these shall the kingdom of heaven belong.

THERE was a monarch who was called my whole.

He had a cook who never reached the pole.

To make my first he used my last,

And the king thanked him for a good repast.

“**I**’M going to my whole,” she said,
“In hopes a title I can wed.”

But when she’d hooked a belted earl
A change came o’er this fickle girl.

She said, “My first are far too old
I want a lover with brains and gold.”

So, having neither sense nor pelf,
He took my last and hanged himself.

MY first was very old
Or else he was a liar ;
My last the bishops hold ;
My whole adore the fire.

SPOKEN BY A BANK EXAMINER

ANOTHER bank has failed,
My total is enormous,
Will any one be jailed?
Why do you not inform us?
Such are the questions asked
When institutions fail;
But my first, my next, my last,
While all around me wail.

IF ever my first you have uttered,
Confession is good for the soul.
It is said that a horse has my second,
And pedlars and poets my whole.

A POOR old man whose nose was red
Begging my third from door to door,
Waxing my whole for his daily bread,
“Only this and nothing more.”

“Come in my first,” a lady said,
“And you may wax my second floor.”
Thereat the old man shook his head,
Did you ever hear the like before?

AS I went my first by my third of stone,
I said, "My second, how the weeds have grown!
In the garden bed I must sow some tares,
For like cures like, my whole declares."

MY first is out of fashion, it was once ■ pleasant
drink;

My second flies by night, and by day is on the blink;

My third was the home of a naturalist;

(At least if he was n't his chances he missed).

My whole is a bird with a nest in the sward

Who has not been so praised as his cousin abroad.

MY first is late for the breakfast bell;
The soldier knows my second well;
My whole supports the clinging vine
That loves around the oak to twine.

MY whole is a science, but not an exact one.

My first two ■ nut you may find when you've
cracked one.

My fourth and fifth traveled, ■ very nice lad,

He ne'er said my sixth when excited or glad.

Perhaps on occasions he uttered my third,

But never my sixth, it's a very bad word.

MY first is common, may-be,
I never knew but five.

My whole will take my second
And every one alive.

THE LONDON SEASON

BATHED in my first seems all the sky north-
west,

Slowly my third the evening light away;
And now my second dons his low-cut vest
To grace the meal that terminates the day;
Then to my whole he leads his consort fair
In best attire, with neck and shoulders bare.

MY first is a dog with a very bad name;
My last is a girl, and a very good game.
My whole made a call at Locksley Hall.

BEYOND my first what other world may lie,
Let cowards speculate who fear to die.

Often ■ mother blest with scanty means
Takes out my second in her daughter's teens.

The cockney asking ■ reply
Demands my third, he knows not why.

My whole is dark and bloody ground
Where pistols flourish all the year around.

MY first is sweet in spring;
My last is hard to play;
My whole the hucksters bring,
And pretty girls are they.

TO my first her suitor sighed,
But was it love or gold?
With my second she replied,
For the lady's heart was cold,
And something told her, Beware, beware!
His words seemed chaff as light as air.

She thought of one whose words were few;
To my whole his speech were vain,
For every word he spoke was true,
And sound as golden grain.

MY first was dancing near a well;
She made my last, and in she fell.
'T is just as well my whole is round.
Little sister might have drowned.

MY second and my third inspired
The Roman poet's lay,

Alike that very theme has fired

The bard in far Cathay ;

My first and second told of strife

Yet sang of this as well,

And e'en my whole who beat his wife

Has felt its powerful spell.

MY first may be used for a ruler,
My last was a poet's reward,
My whole is a city abroad ;
It is said that Gehenna is cooler.

I MET upon the street
A poor dejected maiden ;
Her eyes were sorrow-sweet,
Her arms were heavy laden.
Spying my first upon her cheek,
I mustered courage up to speak,
Proposing to my second, third
To carry her valise.
But this is what I heard,
“Stop, or I call Police !
I won’t be robbed nor spoken to,
Nor stand my whole from men like you.”

THE stars in their courses my first all possess ;

 If one is without, 't is no matter, I guess.

A king in his palace my second despises ;

My whole to them both brought pleasant surprises.

I HAVE thought of a gift for my dear
That I hope will afford her delight ;
My third for my first I shall rear
Till perfectly sure it won't bite.
At my second this present I'll make,
Tho' my whole she may pout and declare
She'd as soon have a spider or snake,
For such are the ways of the fair.

I MET a woman on the street
Who cried my whole, and called it sweet.

Spanish or French, methought were she,
Her article my first would be.

“Are you my second, third?” said I;
She said, “I shall be when you buy.”

THERE came a year of dearth
When Famine stalked abroad;
The rich denied their hoard,
My last forsook the Earth.

The plague destroyed mankind,
My whole infected beast,
And locusts from the east
Left no green thing behind.

The light of heaven failed,
A stench was in the air;
Men lay in mute despair,
And women sat and wailed.

Only twice my first was heard
When the pious feebly prayed;
But the pestilence was stayed,
For God recalled his word.

THE stag at eve had drunk my first ;

The horse in London is my number two ;
My third in France will quench your thirst ;

Winter without my fourth I never knew ;
When Fortune does her very worst,
Men find my whole are very few.

WHEN the yellow leaves are falling,
And the weather looks like snow,
Then we hear my first o' mornings
Mingled with the rooster's crow.

Then the chimney long deserted
Once more greets us with a smile ;
Now the hearth is swept and garnished
With my second from the pile.

Soon the evening lamp is lighted,
And the mistress pours my tea ;
In my cup I see my total,
But it nothing means to me.

PRETTY and neat is my second and third,
Like my whole have the gods endowed her ;
She can broil a steak, she can roast a bird,
She can make the best clam chowder.
Such my primal cakes ! my second she makes
Is so light you can scarce conceive ;
But a treasure like this is a transient bliss,
And she is about to leave.

AT my first we bade adieu,
With my second on his lip;
And I whispered, "Take me too."
Then he gave my hand a grip,
Till I cried, "You hurt my third."
And then he went away
Without another word,
And left me sur le quai.

Will he come back to France?
Alas, I fear me, no.
Some my whole keeps him in trance,
And will not let him go.
If Penelope I were,
I would patient wait, of course,
But I'm different from her,
And I'm getting a divorce.

IN my first let a medium go,
 (That some are my whole I am certain.)
But spirits I seek not to know,
 Nor peer through futurity's curtain.
Since my third at the end will be rent,
 For each day let its evil suffice ;
Why should I my second a cent
 To see through my total device ?

LUCRETIUS, so the legends tell,
Loved his wife, but none too well.
Because he loved my second more,
She mixed a draught of hellebore ;
But all my while her silly notion
To win affection by a potion.
Ponder my first, wise husbands, only
Don't forget your wives are lonely ;
And ponder too, neglected wives,
Before you wreck your husbands' lives.

MY first is sometimes cold,
But one boy found it hot.
My last if you were told,
You 'd have it, would you not?
That 's helpin'.

To Gilpin's loving mate
A holiday was due;
My whole seems long to wait,
And she had waited two.
Poor Gilpin!

COME my second and my third,
The invitation read,
And the proverb of the bird
Popped in the young man's head.
So, without my first to eat,
In the early afternoon
He went his girl to meet. —
“The lady'll be down soon,
Won't you please to take a seat?”
There he waited and he sat
While my whole the lady wept,
For she could n't find her hat
Till her chamber had been swept.

MY first and second tells a number ;
 'T is through my third the outer world I see ;
Although my third prevents my slumber,
 My whole at night my comforter will be.

THERE lives a man who takes delight
In plaguing his wife from morning to night.
When she made my whole by his mother's rule,
And set it out on the stoop to cool,
He came along, and out of spite
Just put his foot in it, and called her a fool.
No wonder it is that his neighbor said,
 " That man is my first,
 The very worst,
He should be my last, and a feather bed
Be opened and emptied over his head."

MY first on a prescription I have seen a doctor
write.

To have my second gives a girl my third and fourth
delight.

My second, third and fourth is the blast a winter's
night.

Our ancestors were once my whole if Darwin tells
us right.

“**W**HEN the devil was sick, the devil a monk
would be ;

When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he.”

What my second my first nobody can tell ;

Only we know that the fiend got well.

Let us turn from the devil and all his ways

To consider the customs of former days :

When a husband was seized of a feoff of his wife,

Their arms were my whole as if cut with a knife.

THE stripling to the maiden saith,
“Thou art my first, Love fears not death.”

The maiden to the youth replies,
“My last is true, Love never dies.”

A shadow comes between the twain,
Each says, “My whole, auf wiedersehn !”

THE stripling to the maiden said,
“Thou art my first, but Love is dead.”

The maiden to the youth replied,
“It is my last that Love has died.”

A shadow stood between the two,
Each exclaimed, “My whole, adieu!”

TAKE a short month, divide it,
And cram a joke inside it ;
You 'll concoct a splendid thing
Fit to set before a king.

'T WAS my second Patsy's wedding, an' all the bys
were there ;

He married Bridget Hoolihan, the wan wid coal-red
hair ;

An' all went swate an' peaceful till M'Ginty trew the
shoe,

It hit the bride a stunnin' whack that left her black
an' blue.

When they told her to console her she 'd a right to
many more

Now she 'd married Patsy Donovan, why that made
Patsy sore ;

An' when he said he 'd fight the gang, they took him
at his word,

An' covered him wid bruises and a bushel of my third.
So him an' she were both my first, I ax ye to belave,
An' Biddy manes to carry my whole until the grave.

REFLECT, ye sinners, ere too late ;
Think of the torments of your future state.
Death hath my first, and Hell my last ;
The godlike Daniel through my total passed.

SO many wives old Bluebeard had,
One might infer the girls were mad
To wed this lady-killer ;
But there was one at least, the story is,
Who would not listen to my last of his
In spite of all his siller.

She vowed she would not be his bride
Although he knelt and sued and sighed
And begged my first to marry.
“ You are my whole,” the lady coyly said,
“ And so my whole as readily I’d wed
His highness the Old Hairy.”

ALTHO my whole was so thick-skinned
He feared no mortal thrust,
He was my second at my third
When he 'd a head my *fust*.

AFORE these peskie microbes cam
 An' drave gude mithers daffie,
 Wee Willie wooed the lassies sma'
 Wi' a gob o' taffie;
 And ilka weanie wad my whole
 When braw wee Willie pleadit;
 "My last my first," it fetched them a',
 For nane the danger heedit.
 Frae bonnie mou ta bonnie mou
 The sweetie passed when preed;
 Ah, Doctor, had it been the noo,
 Nae dout they a' had deed.

WITH my first it looks noble one's name to
begin.

My whole is too often my second of Sin.

THE baron stamped and fumed and swore
And called his henchmen up;
There had been a theft the night before;
He was robbed of his wassail cup.

“Go, heat for me twelve ploughshares hot,
And see they be hot and red;
To prove if he be the thief or not,
Each menial shall on them tread.”

Within my primal no my second came,
Although my third was sent;
Whoever else might be to blame,
My whole was innocent.

MY first keeps my next in a barrel;
My third for my whole in July,
Where dressed in the thinnest apparel
I could say to stiff collars, good-by!

THE child who is allowed to sit,
With guests around my whole to dine,
And gives my first almost a fit
By bawling out, "Give me some wine,"
Who like my second gobbles down
His help of soup with noises hateful,
And then, despite his father's frown,
Proclaims he wants another plateful;
That infant should be sent away
Without my third and fourth delay.

MY first has been played,
My first has been heard.

Pterodactyls have laid

My second and third.

My whole is in Spain,

And my answer is plain.

PHILANDER arose from a restless sleep,
Of the ruby wine he had drunk too deep,
His money was spent and his friends had fled,
His hawk had flown and his steed lay dead,
The lady he loved his rival would wed;
So in black despair to himself he said :

“ All pleasures my first, and my second and strife
Of this wicked world make me tired of life;
Fame is a bubble and Love a snare;
I will seek my whole, and for death prepare.”

Then he went to his window, and passing by
Saw a pretty girl and he caught her eye.

“ Heigh ho ! ” he cried, “ there ’s a maid to win ;
To-morrow is time to repent from sin.”

LOSERS in the race with man,
My whole with mammoths also ran
When the earliest artist known
Scratched their likeness with a stone.
My first is a religious word
Meaning more my next my third.

WE sat at table face to face,
As I told my love in my total fine
Her eyes were heaven, her motions grace,
Her figure was perfect, her smile divine,
Her dimple was Cupid's lurking-place,
Her soul too pure to be pledged with wine.

Yet I lifted my glass where the bubbles danced,
Nor dreamed of rebuke till her voice I heard
Saying as over her own she glanced,
"I don't care my first for my second and third."

MY first was a rich old Quaker ;
My next is a common thirst-slaker ;
My third when too high is a breaker.
My whole is suggestive of tongues and sounds
And a ghost that on blasphemers frowns.

AUTUMN flowers, withered, dead,
Call my first no longer forth,
But my last is glowing red
In the forests of the north.
Brightly shines the hunter's moon,
And the law is off the moose;
Man with Nature would commune,
Turn his nobler instincts loose;
So he lies upon his back a-
Smoking villainous tobacco,
Listening to tale of guide
(Far beyond my whole, I guess,)
Which he does n't dare deride.
This he calls, "God's wilderness."

THERE lived a wife of wives the pearl
Who did the work of a hired girl;
Whenever my first came home my last,
She always had ready a nice repast;
And never a word of reproach she said,
But tickled my whole and buttered his bread.

MY first and second at the gates of pearl

Was much disturbed in mind;

She found too late, poor hapless girl,

She'd left my third behind;

So when Saint Peter asked her name,

My fourth and fifth she mumbled;

Refused, rejected, back to earth she came

Disconsolate and humbled.

No man, she vowed, again her heart should win;

Henceforth my whole she'd coldly keep it in.

WHEN I survey this glorious land,
Thinking how all men's lots are planned;
For one a palace, and for one a cot;
Chains and the stake may tell another's lot;
Many my whole when I have reckoned,
I see my first are as my second.

SHE was my whole at a vaudeville show

Where he was a poor comedian low ;

But his ambition was to shine

A star in the heavy tragedian line.

He said, " Could I only play the Moor,

I would move the house to tears, I 'm sure ;

You shall hear me recite a scene or two

After the evening performance is through."

She said to him, " You are very kind,

If you pay for the supper I do not mind ;

But I would n't give my first, dear fellow,

To hear my second my third Othello."

A SINNER to camp-meeting went;
The preacher urged him to repent;
So in my third my whole he sat,
And when the deacon passed the hat,
He dropped my first and second in,
Rejoicing to be freed from sin.

IF ever oaten pipe or river reed
 Gave forth sweet music to the liberal wind,
 If ever shepherd on my first reclined
 Uttered my second to Euterpe sweet,
 If Orpheus once drew lions to his feet,
 The art is lost in this our age of greed.

Our educated ears have learned to flout
 Such simple strains as soothed the son of Kish
 Or moved the Conqueror to Timotheus' wish,
 Such melodies as Jubal loved to play;
 So Grau and Hammerstein affirm to-day
 It takes my whole to bring good music out.

M^Y first is a sinker,
But used in sheep-raising;
A man of my last
Has talents amazing.
My whole are defenses,
There may come a day with
These aeroplanes
They'll be done away with.

HARK to the words of a beautiful maid
Whose mind was crazed by a hard charade.

“My first and second I learn,” said she,
“And my Latin teacher is proud of me,
But what will be left now the riddle is read,
And my second and third are over?” she said,
“I have made my whole, and my fame will live,
Nothing remains for the world to give.”

The doctor gave her a sedative;
Rest and quiet will work a cure,
My third and fourth are very sure.

MY first a woman seldom is ;
My first and second husbands grow.
The twain (of northern deities
Best loved) was slain with mistletoe.
My third is but a line in print ;
By it Cook said he reached the pole,
But certain people more than hint
His tale was nothing but my whole.

UNDERNEATH the chamber stair

I saw a teddy bear,

And it gave me such a scare,

For I thought it was my first.

Then it gave an awful roar,

So I dassent look no more,

But I tumbled on the floor

When I 'd screamed and shut my last.

Soon I heard my brother run,

And he said, " It 's only fun,

I am sorry what I done."

Then I came to my whole.

DEATH from my first has freed
My last, the patient one.

Purveyor to man's need,

He toiled from sun to sun.

He bore the cross, but crown will never know.

No trump shall wake his sleep,

They buried him so deep,

Not even violets from my whole may grow.

WHEN Harpagon besought his wife
To try to practise more economy,
She cried, "As well conform my life
To all the laws of Deuteronomy!
Like water through my third I know
The money from my first is draining,
And that my second it will go
As long as there's a sou remaining;
Then I will be my whole, and so
You'll give me more without complaining."

ABSENCE makes the heart grow fonder,
But Cupid is inclined to wander.

Such was my first of Algernon ;
Forty-eight hours had he been gone,
And Gwendolyn sat at my whole and thought
He did not love her as he ought.

So she wrote on paper edged with black
A letter my last to bring him back.

I HAVE a new typewriter,
A living one I mean,
I wish her touch were lighter
When running her machine,
I wish her brains were brighter
And she were not quite so green.
Now when I show her a mistake
Or call my whole to her attention,
She asks what difference can make
A thing too trivial to mention;
And then I never dare to fight her,
My first my next my third typewriter.

ONCE more I hear a robin sing,
Again the blue-bird's note I hear;
My sorrow wells with return of Spring;
My lost true-love has been dead a year.

On my third my whole is the pledge he gave;
My arms are empty, the world is wide;
Lay me to rest in the quiet grave,
My first my last by my lover's side.

I HAVE written my first a letter,
'T is the final one for me.
I had told my love we had better
On our wedding day agree.

She said Ad Kalendas Græcas
Was my fourth which she had set;
That seemed to me as like as
Not might be a long time yet.

To my second my third I wrote in dread,
“My whole those foreign words you said.”

MOTHER of Muses, blest Mnemosyne,
I consecrate my whole to thee.

Abide thou with my first, beloved the most,
With love too deep for open boast.

Still for my next is women's soft desire,
Unlike my third's hot transient fire.

THERE was a cock my first my last
They had to cut his head off,
And how my whole away was cast
Most every boy has read of.
My first all save my whole was lost,
My last he lived alone ;
And many lads the seas have crossed
Because his tale was known.

I SAT in a breeze,
And began to sneeze.
“By my whole,” I said,
“I’ve a cold in my head;
I’ll take my first
And my second to bed.”

POWHATAN was so vexed
He would cut off Smith's head ;
And my first and my next
Means to bury the dead.
Pocahontas, aghast,
My whole for poor John.
My third and my last
When the seeds are all gone
Are the raisins we put
In a pudding or cake ;
And children if good
Are allowed to partake.

MY first and second is a saint
Where invalids in winter go ;
My second and my final ain't
Elliptical, though nearly so ;
My whole brought out a protest faint
From Diaz down in Mexico.

HE who died at azim sent
 Word to make his friends content ;

Listen likewise to the rime
 Of him who died some other time,
 Meeting Death as friend greets friend,
 Well assured it was the end ;
 Scorning to console with lies,
 Knowing when man dies he dies.

Why look for grapes upon the thorn,
 Or figs upon the thistles ?
 Why count your pups before they 're born ?
 Of pigs' tails why make whistles ?
 A silver spoon need no one take
 To skim my first from off the lake.

Keep to your place, it is not fit
 That old men in my last should sit.
 Look to the end, they toil in vain
 Who from my whole would milk obtain.

BY my first with many a shiver
My third a love-lorn knight ;
Each my second of the river
Was bathed in golden light ;
But the sun was set and the wind was cold,
And his lady my whole, and his heart foretold
They would meet by my first, ah never again ;
My second was broken, and loosed Love's chain.

SIR HILDEBRAND lived in the good old days,

But I doubt if his peasantry sang his praise:

He robbed and oppressed the country side,

He went to the wars, — at my first he died.

He lies at my first in sculptured stone

By the great church door of Mary-le-bone

Where my last can read in a tongue as dead

As the tongue not my last that wagged in his head

His titles, his honors, his virtues forsooth,

And his death in the faith of his Saviour's ruth!

Well, 't is not for me his sins to lete,

Nor say to God, — As he meted, mete.

There he lies with his hands on his breast,

At his feet in stone are his helm and crest,

And his good sword that he loved to wield

Lies carved my whole in his hollow shield.

ALTHO I long for all my life
My lot with hers to share,
To ask my love to be my wife
Somehow I never dare.

I'd planned the day we went to walk
My passion to declare ;
She asked me why I did n't talk,
And I could only stare.

I asked her would she take my first,
She said she did n't care ;
I said, (I wonder how I durst.)
" My first is for the fair."

We went into a Gypsy's tent
Who told her to prepare

To have an offer, — whose she meant
To ask I did not dare.

Yet stars that spangle heaven's bed
With added splendor flare
E'er since that fortune-teller read
My second written there.

She bought a garter for her leg,
A ribbon for her hair ;
To tie them on I longed to beg,
But I could never dare.

I hinted when my hand she pressed
My whole her cheek must wear.
I think she dared me to a test ;
Oh, shall I ever dare ?

DROWNED AT SEA

MY whole was he who sailed the sea
From Marblehead to Beverly.

The wind was howling fearfully,
His wife besought him tearfully,
But spite of gale he swore he 'd sail
From Marblehead to Beverly.

In storm of that severity
Such courage was temerity.

It seemed to me my first there 'd be
'Twixt Marblehead and Beverly.
I told him so repeatedly,
He answered somewhat heatedly,
“ Belay your talk, or go to — ” walk
From Marblehead to Beverly.

From men who use profanity
One can't expect urbanity.

I cried, "Avast, you'll swear my last
Before we get to Beverly."

Such was the storm's ferocity.

It calmed our animosity.

Our voices three were *drowned at sea*
From Marblehead to Beverly.

Mine was soon resuscitated,
Else this tale were unrelated.

A THANKSGIVING PÆAN

C RANBERRY, Custard, and Squash,
Pumpkin, and Lemon, and Peach,
With Mince, and Apple, by gosh !
Give me a quadrant of each,
Of each a hot and a cold,
Two pieces of each you may bring.
As sang the Roman of old,
My first and my second I sing.

Surely my first can I sing,
Since O my second I must.
Squash with its crimp, crispy ring,
Mince with my total of crust,
Cranberry redder than rose,
Custard as daffodil pale,

No my third nicer than those !

Why should my appetite fail !

Yet if my appetite fail

Ere I have finished the pies,
Baffled like Harvard by Yale,

Still I have captured the prize
Since in my armchair I 'll sit

Sinking to slumber, and say,
Never was dinner like it !

Well have I eaten to-day !

I MARKED when June succeeded May
On Chloe's cheeks the blushes play,
But June is gone and summer flown,
Her cheek another hue has grown,
The rose has bloomed, the rose is dead,
And now my first is seen instead.

Old Boston, I am proud of thee,
Thy blue-hosed maids, thy brew of tea.
Let other cities scoff and jeer,
Thy sons shall ever hold thee dear ;
They know that from my second came
The seeds of thine enduring fame.

Even as See with searching eyes
The strange canals of Mars descries,

Who knows but from another sphere
Seers look down upon us here?
And say, although it seems absurd,
“Why, every road leads to my third!”

My whole, New Yorkers know the place
Where mermaids swim, and horses race.

MAUD MULLER in the summer time
Raked my first, as told in rhyme.

The judge came sauntering down that way,
And stopped to pass the time o' day.

He spoke of hay, and birds, and bees,
And abnormal bunches in the trees.

He illustrated by knocking down
A curious ball at her feet so brown.

Half in laughter and half in dread
She dropped her rake, and turned and fled.

My whole she ran, and the judge astounded
Watched the calves while she leaped and bounded.

“A pretty girl, but she must be daft,”

Thought the judge as he looked and laughed.

He felt my last, and he turned to run

Just as fast as Maud had done.

Of all bad words of pen or tongue

He uttered the worst when the hornets stung.

In the hereafter judges may

Tell a hornet's nest from a lump of clay.

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the marrow-fat peas have blown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am weeding here alone.
That onion seed that I bought was a fraud,
But see how the corn has grown.

All night have the neighbors heard
The calf that will not my last;
All night have the breezes stirred
The cabbages heading fast.
She is coming, my beautiful girl,
My whole her breakfast and lunch,
And the lettuce sings, "I curl, I curl."
The cucumber says, "Be cool, be cool!"
The asparagus murmurs, "Bunch."

I am sure should she come around

With ever so light a tread,

Every toad in the garden would hop at the sound.

Though the weeds were thick on its bed,

Though my first were deep in the ground,

Its tops for a fortnight dead,

I would dig my first could a spade be found,

Blushing in purple and red.

IT was many and many a year ago
In a kingdom by the sea
That a monarch reigned as you may know,
For a famous king was he ;
And this monarch lived with scarce a thought
But to marry another she.

He was my whole, and his son my whole,
In this kingdom by the sea ;
His daughters my first, the second the last,
Historians all agree.
There came a wind from my last at night
And chilled poor Annabel Lee,
Beautiful Annabel Lee,

Though neither the angels overhead.

Nor the demons under the sea

Can discover whatever the king aforesaid

Has to do with Annabel Lee.

A PAIR eloped from Kennebunk
Cried, "Boatman, we must hurry,
And we'll give you a silver plunk
To let us take your whurry.

"We're fleeing from a father's ire
This livelong afternoon,
And if he had not bust a tire
He would have caught us soon."

The boatman said, "What, hire my barge?
There's nothing could be rasher;
Ten dollars, Sir, is all I'll charge."
(The whole world loves a masher.)

The girl exclaimed, "I only wish
It were n't so wet and clammy,
But I would sooner feed the fish
Than face my angry mammy."

Her lover cried, "Then we must row
To reach the Androscoggin;
I'll take the chances of a blow,
But not your father's floggin'."

My second paced the quarter-deck,
And sang a merry troll
How they would sail the Kennebec
To settle in my whole.

But soon the wind began to rise,
My first my third to rock, "O!
Come back, come back," her mother cries,
"Put back, put back to Saco!"

"We pardon all," her parents bawl,
"And you may live to hum."
But down they sank off Porgis Bank,
And so they could not come.

I BID ye list to the tale I tell
 Of the loss of the heir of Ernisfel.

Many years was the baron wed,
 But never a bairn had blessed his bed.

To hunt the stag he rode one morn ;
 Ere the sun was high he returned forlorn.

Afore he had reached his castle's pale
 He heard his women making wail.

On her bed in death lay his lady fair,
 Beside her in life lay his new-born heir.

He took his babe upon his knee ;
 " One of my fourth is about to dee ;

“ For out of my first there came a wraith,
Ay, there were twa, and I saw them baith.

“ Thy mother’s death is but half the doom;
Twa wraiths I saw,” he said in gloom.

He sent for his retainers all,
And they buried his wife with bier and pall,

But when they came back to their funeral fare
His child was gone, and none knew where.

They questioned the nurse and scolded her well;
Naught did she know or naught would she tell.

It was all my whole, and children shook
When they heard the tale by the ingle nook,

How the mother’s ghost had ta’en her own,
For she could not sleep in her grave alone.

(Some say no mother in grave can rest
Until she has given her babe her breast.)

The baron sent for his brother's child
Who now was heir to wold and wild.

The boy was wayward and loved to stray
All alone by himself away ;

Cliff and crag he was wont to scale,
Watching the eagles around him sail.

There was one that he called "my bird,"
He followed its flight to my second and third,

To it he climbed and there he found
An infant's bones and a locket round.

KEY

Substitute for each letter of a supposed answer the figure standing over it in the table. If the number thus formed is not found in the following list, the answer is incorrect.

TABLE

1	2	3	4	5
A	B	C	D	E
F	G	H	I	J
K	L	M	N	O
P	Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y

KEY NUMBERS

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